

Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

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Cullen Roberts letter to his ex that he wanted Jocelyn to send to her before killing her

Clint Smith <clint353@gmail.com>
Thu 10/15/2020 5:21 PM
To: Coy Turner <cturner@cummingpd.net>

① 1 attachments (16 KB) Lauren.docx;

Sent from my Clint's iPhone

Lauren,

I didn't want to do this. It is incredibly hard on me. Even though you will never see this, I feel obligated to myself to write it. I have been thinking about writing it for a long time now but even the thought of it brings back things I don't care to recall. What would you do if you were suffering from such mental anguish? I know I am not alone in dealing with this, but it feels that way. I honestly don't know the best way to describe it. It exists in a realm out of my control and the mere idea of that frightens me. It is a sadness so incurable and intolerable it manifests into anger. I don't choose to feel this way, but you left me no other choice. I promised myself I wouldn't get emotional writing this. I'm not even a paragraph in and the elephant on my chest is pressing down hard. If I could undo everything of course I would. I have never felt this way and in this manner and there exists no word to label it. I love the use of similes and metaphors. Their impact seems much deeper and relatable over just a fancy word. Words can be forgotten easily but an image or story sticks. Personally, the story of Davy Jones comes to mind. His heart locked in a chest and hidden away for the pain of love was too great to bear. It is disheartening rewatching shows or relistening to songs that once had no meaning to me. For now, they bring feelings I do my best to hide from. They are a lurking shadow waiting for their moment to bind you. What can man do against such a reckless and intangible creature? My mind feels disunited with my body. I have become a walking corpse grasping at thin air. Drowning but no surface in sight. I could go on for days trying to illuminate the distress but nothing I say can come close to actually feeling it. They say to feel it is the only true way of moving past it. Well if that was the case, I should be on top of the world by now. For every waking moment where my mind is not fully engaged, I feel it. In the morning getting out of bed, in the mirror when I look at myself, in the objects that manifest memories, or even the memories themselves. It's quite impressive how many things can bring it up. I do my best to avoid "hot zones" or areas that I know of that will cause pain. I thought at first facing up to them was my best option. That after some time the exposure would make it better. I was wrong. Every time I did so a dark cloud loomed around me and consumed me with vile hatred. I imagine this was the hurt trying to escape. It never gave me solace. It only proved to make it worse. So instead of becoming that, I tried to avoid it all and that I also failed in. Imagine

having every text, phone call, relationship, joy, success, smile, and laughter remind you of the most painful memories. It is how I am living. I feel trapped, my mind embodied in an unescapable cage. I'm not even sick and tired of being sick and tired. That is child's play comparatively. Past that is a black void that is so impregnable it swallows the thought of light. I don't know what do to at this point. In fact, I am not sure if anything can cure this. Time eludes me but the feelings stay as if they were born today. Part of me wants to hold on to them. To keep feeling it all in hopes something will change. Isn't that what keeps us going? Hope? What if even hope faded? To feel an utter loss of control in which you feel your life is meaningless. This situation is unprecedented to me and I am scared I will lose control of myself. Terrible thoughts have run amuck in my mind that battle whatever good that is left. I'm not even sure where the anger is pointing. It just consumes everything. My soul laments and cries out to an empty crowd. I don't understand the connection I have with you. Nothing of it to me makes sense. My friends, family, co-workers, and even myself reciprocate the same message that it is a passing moment that I will learn from. That everyone makes mistakes and this is not the end. The facts lie right in front of me. I don't feel that though. I am being lied to by my feelings that I cannot outrun. What has been happening to me? What have I become? Dear God save me from this torment I beg of you. I can't even say your name Lauren. I can't go on Facebook. I can't scroll through our text messages. I can't shop at CVS. I can't even bring myself to apply to any retail job. Nor can I forego the past and treatit as such. I have never cared so much about another person's opinion of me. I attached a lot of meaning here. To know that was not reciprocated drove me to where I am today. I was doing my best! The very words of rejection seemed wrought with disdainful taste. I could not accept that with reason naught. Long have I been burdened with it. That the reasons I am not accepted is on me. My acts, my personality, my imperfect human body. To go as far beyond to accept other things is more painful. You see, if the issue relies upon me, I can punish myself and hope to change to become what is wanted. Outside of that, I have no control and it irks me. For if the problem does not reside in me, I have no hope and being hopeless is not tolerable. We all are not perfect. We all make mistakes. I guess what I try to do is minimize my mistakes so that I can bear the mistakes of others. That when people wrong me or hurt me, I can take it as an act of personal inadequacy. That if I take that burden perhaps the scale will be in my

favor that I may be desired. I know a broken person when I see one because I am one. We are all hurt and scarred. I saw something past the veil that I wanted to help you with. You reminded me a lot of me. The happy go-lucky type that secretly hides from the pain of the past. Relationally I am not sure we would have worked out but somehow, I know my life is worse without you. I caused pain in your life and to lack the ability to reconcile it hurts me deeply. Whenever I think of all of this, I just want it to end. I want to pass into the light whilst dreaming. Everything has lost touch with me and feels bare. Perhaps this is my thorn but I have no idea how long I can handle it. What kind of life does that lead? I am not even sure what I want. What would have happened if you said yes is a mystery. Would I have been able to overcome the depression that runs paramount in my life? Would it have made me feel better or would I always be doubting people's love and care? Despite all those questions, the facts stand. Something about this whole situation is being left in the dark. I fill in the blanks with what I imagine of myself. I can't come to reason with people's opinions of others. Where does that come from? If I don't like someone the same way they like me then what is wrong? Am I a terrible human being putting worth into a sum of categories? I just hate the idea in its entirety. There is no fix that will change the way you feel and not knowing if you ever want to talk to me has changed my opinion of myself further negatively. It is a compounding effect that exemplifies my pain. Having to stare at a broken clock with nothing to fix it is worse than not having a clock in the first place. If only I could forget it all. I have started a process I know I cannot stop. Something must replace this and I fear that is beyond my grasp,

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Cullen Roberts text messages

Clint Smith <clint353@gmail.com> Thu 10/15/2020 4:18 PM

To: Coy Turner <cturner@cummingpd.net>

3:48 🖊







Cullen From State Farm >

cause tuck everyone



I'm gonna blow up a school one day

Because of that girl

Because of girls in general

And the guys too

All of them.

No pussy shit either. It better be fucking thousands

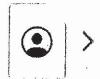




Yeaaaaa boi

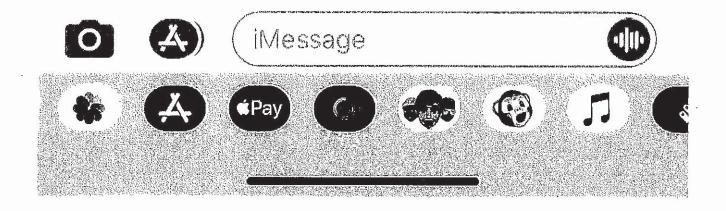
Wed, Jun 17, 2:54 PM

Lauren Phillips



4120 Rolling Hills Dr Cumming, GA, 3004-

30041



3:49 7



Cullen From State Farm



Lauren Phillips





call





WhatsApp

pay

home

(920) 277-0128

Social profile

(920) 277-0128

Send Message

Share Contact

Create New Contact

Add to Existing Contact

Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

2:56 ₹







I'm so mad right now

Not at you

About what

I just get in these moods



Where I just wanna fucking kill people

roon t even know what to say

Me neither

Sent with Siri

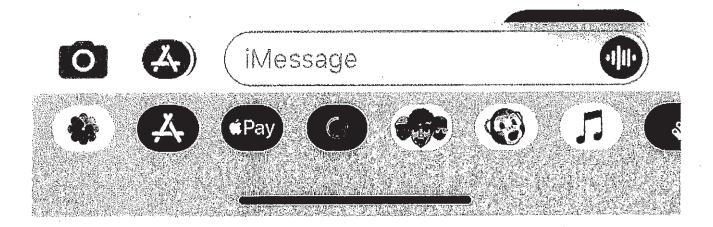
Whatever you do just don't be like me

Lmao quit

I'm not joking

Tue, Jan 7, 11:00 AM

Man why is everything so damn entertaining



2:56 7







Cullen From State Farm >

Man this desire is so insatiable

To put something in your butt? Same

Uuuuuummm

No I really wanna kill

A small animal

Fuck I just nearly choked

Lol on.. a dick

Guess what the baby wanted for lunch

I hate u

Wendy's?

I hate me too. And HE WANTED THAT BAHA BLAST SON

did you see the CFA reward

Ahhhh

8 count chikkie nuggies iMessage

2:57 7







8 count chikkie nuggies

Yea I gotta use it sometime



Yes no

So do you know of anyone who wants to be murdered

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Preferably tortured beforehand and drugged

Asking for a friend



Hates gore. Also wants to kill someone

Check out reddit cannibalism Imao it's so funny

I mean yea. Doesn't have to be a gory death

Lol no

Me want strangle someone to death





iMessage



















Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

2:57 7







Cullen From State Farm >

I mean yea. Doesn't have to be a gory death

Lol no

Me want strangle someone to death



Killing people is hard and nasty you're just fantasizing

About killing my X and her whole family yes

It's just gonna take some time to do it right



You don't even watch any good murder shows

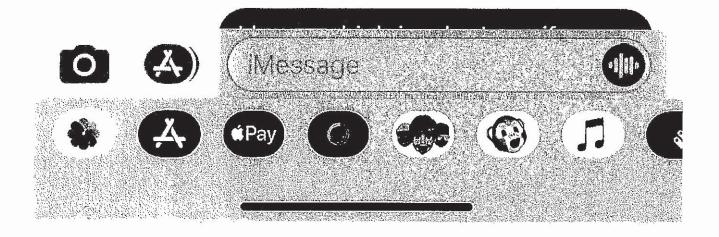
60

LIKE THE TEST OF US TO

No it's about the murder

It's about the control

It's not*



2:57 7







Cullen From State Farm >

No it's about the murder

It's about the control

It's not*

I know which is why I say if you

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disgusted and disappointed

You should try rape maybe

No if I kill someone I'll kill myself afterward



Just setting the bar straight



Why? Why anything else?

Homicide suicide

Yea I'm not going to prison and or dealing with that anxiety

But I always tell myself if I'm going





iMessage



















Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

2:57 V







Cullen From State Farm >

But I always tell myself if I'm going out like that I'm taking as many as I can with me

Here's what I don't get

You pay for a therapist ... or someone does

Why don't you talk to them about it

I do

About wanting to kill people

They don't know what to say

Or do

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Then switch therapists

Ask for a referral to someone else

I mean I've gotten several different people tell the same things

> I just can't imagine a therapist "not knowing what to say"

> > If you're like yeah I think about killing people a lot





iMessage



















2:59 7







Cullen From State Farm >

well... no not exactly 🐲

You go through enough shit I'm done waiting for my turn

Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

LUI TURT PEUPLE

Yea



GIPHY via #images

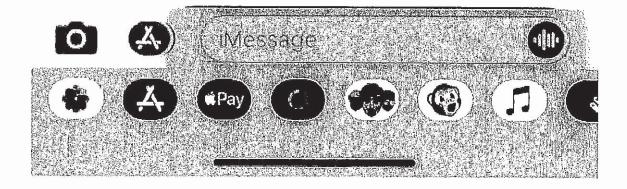
Lol quit. Otherwise your kids will talk about you the way you talk about your mom

And that's on generational problems

I got years to figure it out and quench my taste buds



But right now I'm at like an 11/10 on the anger scale towards the issue



Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

Sent from my Clint's iPhone

3:49 7





Cullen From State Farm



Lauren Phillips









message

WhatsApp

home

(920) 277-0128

Social profile

(920) 277-0128

Send Message

Share Contact

Create New Contact

Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

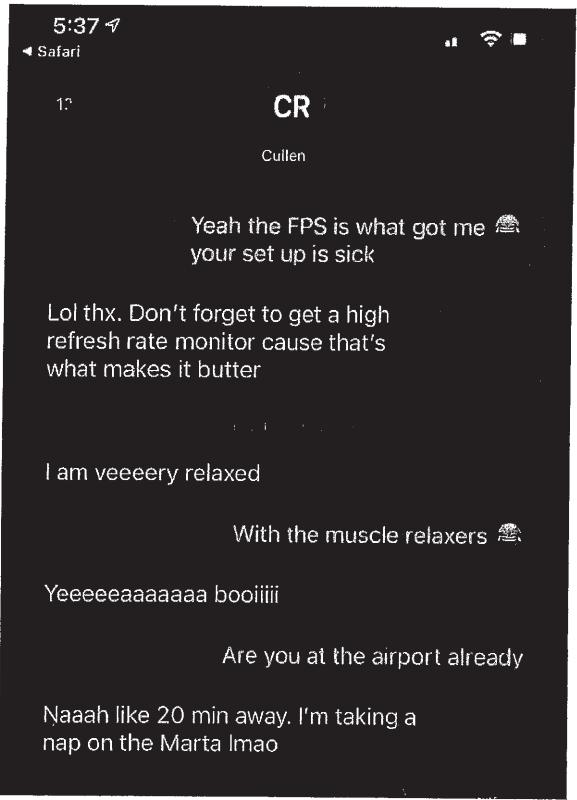
Add to Existing Contact

Mail - Coy Turner - Outlook

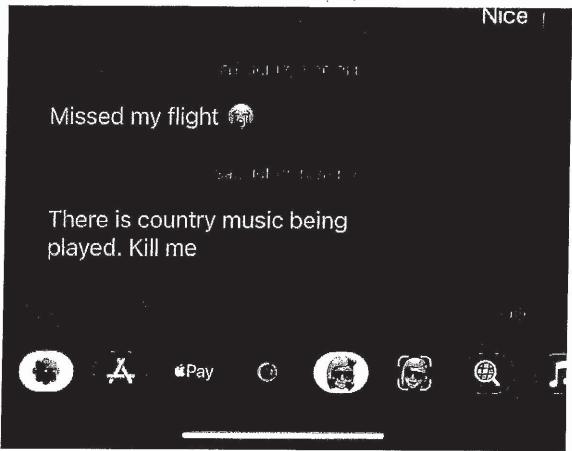
Cullen Roberts text to Jose

Clint Smith <clint353@gmail.com> Thu 10/15/2020 5:43 PM

To: Coy Turner <cturner@cummingpd.net>

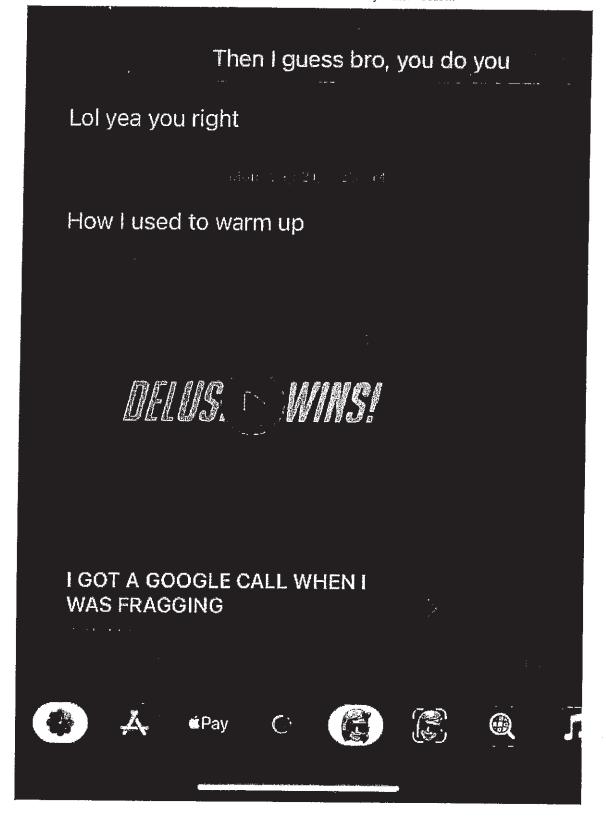


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Sent from my Clint's iPhone



GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT









